

The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 27

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

LOCALETS

Chas. Honess is taking the winter easy by going east.

Pete Travis expects to go to Calgary for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Colwell left last week for Collingwood, Ont.

C. Johnson of Aberdeen, S. D., is visiting his father, Pote Johnson.

Almost need a "skate on" for the present condition of the roads.

Mrs. Suffern of Travers is spending a few days with Mrs. St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferris of Manitoba are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Munro.

Stewart Galbraith and Miss Galbraith are away this week en route for Ontario.

John Egle has cleared out for the winter, hitting for Winnipeg and from there south.

J. R. McKay and family left on Wednesday's train to spend the winter in Ontario.

Smith & Moran have on the way a car of McCormick's discs and steel-lever harrows. Order now.

Mr. Kenisinger, the new manager for the Associated Farmers, Limited; is now in town getting acquainted with his new duties.

W. Fitzgerald of the Horse Exchange is receiving regular shipments of timothy hay, which he has for sale by the bale or carload.

Dr. Walkey developed into quite a "dogey" driver during our spell of deep snow. B sleigh without a tongue provides the necessary sensations to an accustomed auto driver.

A number of people left Wednesday noon on the Unlimited to spend the Christmas holidays in Ontario. Let us hope they will get there before the brandy sauce has evaporated.

Mrs. F. O. Cox, Charles R. and Miss Lela left on Thursday morning on an extended visit to Spokane. During their absence Dad Cox is running the Lomond Tea Rooms, which are now known as Dad Cox's Cafe.

The Lomond Flier arrived Wednesday morning at 4.15, thus saving passengers the expense of a bed. The C. P. R. does do real nice things occasionally. No extra charge was made for the additional ten hours spent in the coach.

A number of changes have taken place in the staff of the local branch of the Standard Bank during the past week. O. Stone of Lamont takes the place of Wm. A. Arkett as teller. Mr. Arkett will take a rest before returning to duty. C. W. Thompson of Eston has relieved F. A. Dodds, who has gone to Eston.

John Holo has sold the White Lunch restaurant building to Mr. Ferris, recently arrived from Manitoba. Mrs. Crum is closing up on the 24th inst. John has also bought George Hedges' interest in the Farmers' Feed Barn and is taking that over and making it a sort of headquarters for a live stock exchange.

BEAT UP CHINAMEN

A couple of residents were up before W. H. Smith, J. P., this week on a charge of disfiguring Jang How's restaurant, his brothers and his cousins. Jang did some disfiguring himself. The battle might have resulted differently had not Maggie retired to the attic just as the engagement started. His honor barraged future assaults by a fine of \$50 and trimmings. Jang How is in business here. He pays 100 cents on the dollar, and is entitled to similar courtesy and protection accorded other business men. People are not compelled to go into his place. It is considered by many a popular amusement to head up foreigners. Years ago in the mining camps it was considered good form, "while under the influence," to go out and "head up a Swede." The amusement was hazardous and short-lived, for the Swede proved to be a difficult subject to head up, with a very disconcerting back-fire in his make up. Even a single Chinaman and a clever, working harmoniously, have been known to cause considerable damage in a camp. So it is rather fortunate that Maggie "holed-up" early in the local scrapfest.

polls have not yet been heard from, but it is probable the Unionist has a small majority. The NonPartisan candidate did not poll as large a vote as expected. The Laurier candidate had a majority in Lomond district. Following is result of poll in this district:

	N-P.	L.	U.	S.
Lomond.....	27	48	24	0
Travers.....	9	44	9	4
Kinnondale.....	9	24	18	0
Bow City.....	3	6	46	1
Enchant.....	3	43	25	7
Retlaw.....	23	50	34	2
Mannings.....	16	23	4	3
Armada.....	37	1	0	2
Herman.....	33	11	3	0
Midway.....	23	12	4	0

The fourth column represents the Socialist vote.

RELIEF FOR HALIFAX

Local interest in the relief of the Halifax victims took tangible shape on Monday when a local committee under the direction of Rev. W. H. Irwin with headquarters in Mrs. Greenwood's music store, began to receive contributions. Contributions were received at the outlying polling divisions and what was received there, along with what was

battery system for his electric lighting plant. Mr. Teskey has purchased the old pool hall building in Travers in which he will establish a branch Ford agency and service station with Mr. Mitchell in charge.

The Frank Brown Co., Ltd.

The Frank Brown Co., Ltd., thank their customers for patronage in the past three months, and extend best wishes to all for a pleasant Christmas and increased happiness and prosperity in the New Year.

TRAVERS

Earl Holbrook returned this week from Scobly, Montana, where he was visiting relatives.

Miss Eva Davies has been quite ill this week.

We are sorry to have to report the death of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Way this week.

Mrs. A. J. and W. G. Muir were Lethbridge visitors this week.

G. T. Francis left this week for Medicine Hat, where he intends to stay all winter.

The Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. Bray's last Wednesday to finish up business for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre left this week for Cape Breton. They intend to spend the winter there.

Owing to the cold weather the usual big crowd did not attend the dance on the 7th. A masquerade dance is to be held on New Year's night.

Mr. W. M. Bird left last week for Vancouver, B. C., where he is visiting relatives.

LOMOND DISTRICT.

The farmers are certainly appreciating the good humor displayed by the weather man these days. We hope that the results of the election will not change his temperament.

Bob Kant has bought over the contract for canvassing this district for the sale of the famous Rawleigh medicines and extracts. We wish him luck in his new sphere of business.

Corporal Stark of the Royal Flying corps has gained two stripes, after returning to his military duties. We wish him continued success.

Bob Sinclair left on Wednesday's flier for the Blue mountains. Bob may buy an extra ticket for the return trip.

Hugh McIntosh took in the Calgary fair and continued the journey eastward.

Sam Henderson is enjoying his his holidays in Detroit after an arduous summer. Gossip says that Sam may have a fair companion for his return trip.

The farmers realize the scarcity of meat and are anxious to do their part in the pig production, but they would appreciate the government's enthusiasm if they would furnish them with no scarcity of feed at a price that would give them a margin for their production.

The Lomond Press

Wishes its Patrons

A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

To those at the front fighting for our Liberty, a successful termination of the war and a safe return to homes and loved ones.

Union Government.

The voice of the people on Monday gave the Union Government a satisfactory working majority. Though the Unionists were handicapped by the Quebec situation, they had the entire press of the Dominion at their back so to speak. Canada has now a right to expect a good strong administration. There are a number of strong men from both parties in the organization and there is sufficient opposition to keep them in line. Further, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the fair-minded statesman we have always believed him to be, he will take hold and help to right the Quebec situation. They are his native countrymen and in his campaign he declared it to be within his power to deal with the situation, and to our mind it is no more than his duty to accept at least part of the responsibility of the situation since he has received a mandate from the people at the polls.

In the Bow River riding the contest was a close one between Gouge, Laurierite, and Halliday, Unionist. All the

taken in at Lomond, makes a total of more than \$400.00.

It is gratifying to note the generous attitude the people have taken toward the relief of these stricken people. As for the loss of life and subsequent misery, it outrivals the San Francisco disaster.

Village Politics.

It would appear that the interest in local politics has taken a sudden awakening. Nominations on Wednesday evening placed six candidates in the contest. They are: W. A. Teskey, John A. Bowers, A. Webster, W. H. Smith, F. O. Cox and W. B. Manning. Surely the village should be able to select a worthy body from this lineup.

All the former council members have decided to keep out of the game. Voting will take place on Wednesday, January 2nd.

FORD BRANCH

AT TRAVERS

W. A. Teskey has just unloaded two carloads of Fords and has also completed the installation of a storage



SERGEANT MCCLINTOCK.

"OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Gripping Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

No. 1. In Training

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batt., Canadian Gren. Guards.

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FOREWORD.

Here is a literary product which is at once an admirable example of the force of simple realism in the description of things which are difficult of ordinary comprehension, and a handbook and guide for every prospective soldier of our armies.

Sergeant McClintock has not written stories about the war. He has written the war itself, reducing it, one might almost say, to words of one syllable, yet bringing to the reader's view, clearly and vividly, the various aspects of the great struggle, hidden to all except the man who is actually a part of it. His contribution to the history of the war must be classed as one which shines with a new light.

It is fascinating in its simplicity, yet thrilling in its convincing detail. It leads one, with evergrowing and compelling interest, from a casual conversation in a hotel in New York through scenes of strife and blood and thrilling conflict to the moment when the king and queen of England came to the bedside of a Kentucky youth in a London hospital to thank him in the name of their nation for his services in the cause which we have now come to recognize as that of world humanity.

Sergeant McClintock received the Distinguished Conduct medal before leaving England for home on leave. He is returning to accept a commission in the Canadian overseas forces. The story is told in McClintock's own unadorned way.

I DON'T lay claim to being much of a writer, and up till now I have never felt the call to write anything about my experiences with the Canadian troops in Belgium and France, because I have realized that a great many other men saw quite as much as I did and could beat me telling about it. Of course I believed that my experience was worth relating, and I thought that the matter published in the newspapers by professional writers sort of missed the essentials and lacked the spirit of the "ditches" in a good many ways in spite of its excellent literary style, but I didn't see any reason why it was up to me to make an effort as a war historian until now.

Now there is a reason, as I look at it. I believe I can show the two or three millions of my fellow countrymen who will be "out there" before this war is over what they are going to be up

against and what they ought to prepare for personally and individually. That is as far as I am going to go in the way of excuse, explanation or com-



"Boys, for God's sake don't call me Harry. Here comes the general!"

ment, call it what you will. The rest of my story is a simple relation of facts and occurrences in the order in which they came to my notice and happened to me. It may start off a little slowly and jerkily, just as we did, not knowing what was coming to us. I'd like to add that it got quite hot enough to suit me later several times. Therefore, as my effort is going to be to carry you right along with me in this account of my experiences, don't be impatient if nothing very important seems to come off at first. I felt a little ennui myself at the getaway. But that was certainly one thing that didn't annoy me later.

In the latter part of October, 1915, I decided that the United States ought to be fighting along with England and France on account of the way Belgium had been treated, if for no other reason. As there seemed to be a considerable division of opinion on this point among the people at home, I came to the conclusion that any man who was free, white and twenty-one and felt as I did ought to go over and get into it single handed on the side where his convictions led him, if there wasn't some particular reason why he couldn't. Therefore I said goodbye to my parents and friends in Lexington and started for New York with the idea of sailing for France and joining the Foreign legion of the French army.

ANNOUNCEMENT To Auto Owners

Mr. [Homer King, recently of Bow Island, is taking charge of the repair department in the Central Garage. Mr. King is an experienced mechanic of high repute and will bring to the Central Garage all that is desired in mechanical ability. It will be an aim to give a first-class service first to the Chevrolet and Dodge cars, but all work will be given thorough consideration. The necessary shelves will be found well supplied with a

Complete Line of Repairs, Tires, Accessories, Etc.

Battery-Charging Plant.

Mr. King is also schooled in electrical mechanics and will be able to handle all battery troubles right in Lomond. He is capable of reconstructing your battery from the ground up. We are installing a battery-charging plant as an extra service to our patrons. Our idea is to have a garage that will give the public a complete service.

J. A. BOWERS,
CENTRAL GARAGE
LOMOND, - ALBERTA

Santa Claus Headquarters AT HUGHES' DRUG STORE.

Be sure and see our line of gifts when doing your Christmas shopping. Here are a few of our leaders:

Kodaks. Fancy Stationery. Boxed Chocolates.
Perfumes. Hand-Painted China.
Toilet Sets. Brass Goods. Cigars in boxes of 10 and 25.
Toys. Dolls. Books, etc., etc.

R. H. Hughes

CHEMIST

DRUGGIST

Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready - Plenty of Miners
No Delay in Loading Teams.
\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

Eyremore P. O.

Decides to Go to Canada.

A couple of nights after I got to New York I fell into conversation in the Knickerbocker bar with a chap who was in the re-enforcement company of Princess Pat's regiment of the Canadian forces. After my talk with him I decided to go up to Canada and look things over. I arrived at the Windsor hotel, in Montreal, at 8 o'clock in the morning a couple of days later, and at 10 o'clock that morning I was sworn in as a private in the Canadian Grenadier guards, Eighty-seventh overseas battalion, Lieutenant Colonel F. S. Meighen commanding. They were just getting under way, making soldiers out of the troops I enlisted with, and discipline was quite lax.

They at once gave me a week's leave to come down to New York and settle up some personal affairs, and I over-stayed it five days. All that my company commander said to me when I got back was that I seemed to have picked up Canadian habits very quickly. At a review one day in our training camp I heard a major say:

"Boys, for God's sake don't call me Harry or spit in the ranks. Here comes the general!"

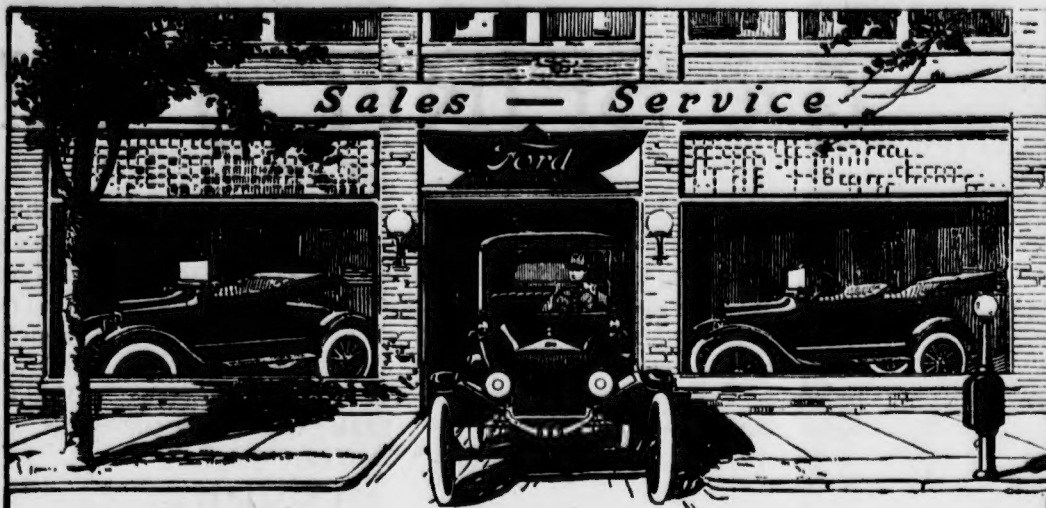
We found out eventually that there was a reason for the slackness of discipline. The trouble was that men would enlist to get \$1.10 a day without working for it and would desert as soon as any one made it unpleasant for them. Our officers knew what they were about. Conditions changed instantly we went on shipboard. Discipline tightened up on us like a tie rope on a colt.

We trained in a sort of casual, easy way in Canada from Nov. 4 to the following April. We had a good deal of trouble keeping our battalion up to strength, and I was sent out several times with other "noncoms" on a recruiting detail. While we were in the training camp at St. John's I made the acquaintance of a young Canadian who became my "pal." He was Campbell McFarland, nephew of George McFarland, the actor who is so well known on the American musical stage. He was a sergeant. When I first knew him he was one of the most delightful and amusing young fellows you could imagine.

The war changed him entirely. He became extremely quiet and seemed to be borne down with the sense of the terrible things which he saw. He never lost the good fellowship which was inherent in him and was always ready to do anything to oblige me, but he formed the habit of sitting, alone and silent, for hours at a time, just thinking. It seemed as if he had a premonition about himself, though he never showed fear and never spoke of the dangers we were going into, as the other fellows did. He was killed in the Somme action in which I was wounded.

I also had been made a sergeant on account of the fact that I had been at school in the Virginia Military Institute—that is, I was an acting sergeant. It was explained to me that my appointment would have to be confirmed in England and then reconfirmed after three months' service in France. Under the regulations of the Canadian forces a noncommissioned officer, after final confirmation in his grade, can be reduced to the ranks only by a general court martial, though he can escape a court martial, when confronted with charges, by reverting to the ranks at his own request.

Forty-two hundred of us sailed for England on the Empress of Britain, sister ship to the Empress of Ireland, which was sunk in the St. Lawrence river. The steamer was, of course, very crowded and uncomfortable, and the eight day trip across was most unpleasant. We had time to eat until we were sick of the sight of it. A sergeant reported one morning, "Eight men and twenty-two breakfasts absent." There were two other troop ships in our convey, the Baltic and the



Complete Service to Ford Owners Everywhere

COURTEOUS attention to your needs wherever you may travel is something you appreciate, and being a Ford owner you can get it. You are always "among friends".

There are more than 700 Ford Dealer Service Stations throughout Canada. These are always within easy reach of Ford owners—for gasoline, oil, tires, repairs, accessories, expert advice or motor adjustments.

The cost of Ford Service is as remarkably low as the cost of the car itself. Nineteen of the most called for parts cost only \$5.40. Just compare this with the cost of spare parts for other cars and you will realize the advantage of owning a Ford.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Runabout - - \$475

Touring - - \$495

Coupe - - \$770

Sedan - - - \$970

F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

W. A. TESKEY, Dealer, Lomond.

F. O. McKENNA

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

Office: Above Standard Bank

LOMOND - - ALBERTA.

HERBERT J. MABER

SOLICITOR AND
BARRISTER

VULCAN

ALBERTA

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

For Christmas

As well as all the year a Phonograph is a good buy. For real entertainment nothing equals good music. Let us demonstrate this to you.

SHEET MUSIC. RECORDS.
MUSICAL SPECIALTIES...

MRS. A. GREENWOOD

The SPIRIT of XMAS

The true Xmas spirit is the spirit of Service, which we have endeavored to give to our patrons in the past year. But what place does the Xmas spirit have in business? It is the backbone of business today. Millions of dollars are being spent each year in promoting the spirit of service. There is, perhaps, another motive which prompts us to acts of service, and which has caused us, as a representative of the Ford Company, to assume this obligation to the public. The spirit of service is a measure of greatness. "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths." I take this opportunity to wish one and all a joyful Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

W. A. TESKEY.

FOR SALE—An 8-16 Mogul gasoline engine and plows, nearly new. Apply to Otto Hoeg, 10-17.19 20-11.

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, Dec. 21, 1917

Sterner Methods Required.

Now that it is practically assured that the direct cause of the terrible Halifax catastrophe was German machinations, the public is rightly demanding sterner methods of dealing with the known alien-enemy element in the country. It is no more than just for the protection of our war industries and for the protection of the non-combatant lives that the authorities should take a firmer stand in dealing with this element.

Since the Halifax disaster there has been a large iron works in Toronto destroyed, a part of the Bethlehem steel plant in the States destroyed, and several other happenings that tend to show that the enemy has had a hand in affairs.

Personally we have lost all scruples in dealing with affairs of this character. We have come to the conclusion that we shall have to deal with these characters about in like manner as they are dealing things out to us. It is the just right of the public to demand a more rigid system of protection from alien influences.

One Less Sub.

The liner on which Mrs. John Patton crossed the Atlantic a couple of weeks ago, rammed a German submarine, destroying same. A stop of a few minutes was made by the ship's officers to ascertain the extent of the damage sustained in the collision, and then it was decided a safer plan to go full speed ahead than to take the risk of passing through a sub-infested area.

For Sale.

Registered Berkshire Boar, eighteen months old, with papers, for sale, reasonable. E. G. HALEY, Badger Lake. 27-3.

DAD COX'S CAFE

Known as the Lomond Tea Rooms.

THE VERY BEST

We cook to make you eat. That's the reason we have continued in business so long. We want your money and try to give you value for your investment. Auto livery and stage line in in connection.

F. O. COX, PROPRIETOR.

Horse Exchange

(Farrell and Porter Barn)

Good Timothy Hay

For Sale

W. FITZGERALD
PROPRIETORS.

I wish to rent a half section of land, more or less, ready for crop. To take possession about April 1st. Address, 27-4. D. C. MCALLISTER, Lomond.

FOR SALE.

Restaurant building, rooms and beds, restaurant equipment all in its entirety, for sale. Good opportunity for a person desiring a good business location in Lomond. Apply to JOHN HOLO, Lomond.

TEACHER WANTED

Qualified experienced teacher wanted for First Chance S.D. No. 2043. State salary. Duties to commence the first of the new year.

GRANT HAYNES, Secretary,
Badger Lake P.O.



THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Money Orders and Drafts are issued by this Bank payable in all parts of the world.

LOMOND BRANCH

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Manager.

The Season's Greetings

We wish to extend to our numerous patrons and friends our sincere wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Smith & Moran

Metagama. A British cruiser escorted us until we were 400 miles off the coast of Ireland. Then each ship picked up a destroyer which had come out to meet her. At that time a notice was posted in the purser's office informing us that we were in the war zone and that the ship would not stop for anything, even for a man overboard. That day a soldier fell off the Metagama with \$700 in his pocket, and the ship never even hesitated. They left him where he had no chance in the world to spend his money.

"Make a Break!"

Through my training in the V. M. I., I was able to read semaphore signals, and I caught the message from the destroyer which escorted us. It read:

"Each ship for herself now. Make a break!"

We beat the other steamers of our convoy eight hours in getting to the dock in Liverpool, and, according to what seemed to be the regular system of our operations at that time, we were the last to disembark.

The majority of our fellows had never been in England before, and they looked on our travels at that time as a fine lark. Everybody cheered and laughed when they dusted off one of those little toy trains and brought it up to take us away in it. After we were aboard of it we proceeded at the dizzy rate of about four miles an hour and our regular company humorist—no company complete without one—suggested that they were afraid, if they went any faster, they might run off the island before they could stop. We were taken to Bramshot camp, in Hampshire, twelve miles from the Aldershot school of command. The next day we were given "king's leave"—eight days, with free transportation anywhere in the British Isles. It is the invariable custom to give this sort of leave to all colonial troops immediately upon their arrival in England. However, in our case Ireland was barred. Just at that time Ireland was no place for a newly arrived Canadian looking for sport.

After that they really began to make soldiers of us. We thought our training in Canada had amounted to something. We found out that we might as well have been playing croquet.



After That They Really Began to Make Soldiers of Us.

We learned more the first week of our actual training in England than we did from November to April in Canada. I make this statement without fear that any officer or man of the Canadian forces alive today will disagree with me, and I submit it for the

thoughtful consideration of the gentlemen who believe that our own armies can be prepared for service here at home.

In this war every man has got to be a specialist. He's got to know one thing better than anybody else except those who have had intensive instruction in the same branch. And, besides that, he's got to have effective general knowledge of all the specialties in which his fellow soldiers have been particularly trained. I can illustrate this. Immediately upon our return from first leave in England we were divided into sections for training in eight specialties. They were: Bombing, sniping, scouting, machine gun fighting, signaling, trench mortar operation, bayonet fighting and stretcher bearing. I was selected for special training in bombing, probably because I was supposed, as an American and a baseball player, to be expert in throwing. With the other men picked for training in the same specialty, I was sent to Aldershot, and there for three weeks, twelve hours a day, I threw bombs, studied bombs, read about bombs, took bombs to pieces to see what made them tick and put them together again and did practically everything else that you could do with a bomb, except eat it.

Then I was ordered back along with the other men who had gained this intimate acquaintance with the entire bomb family, and we were put to work teaching the entire battalion all that we had learned. When we were not teaching we were under instruction ourselves by the men who had taken special training in other branches. Also at certain periods of the day we had physical training and rifle practice. Up to the time of our arrival in England intensive training had been merely a fine phrase with us. During our stay there it was a definite and overpowering fact. Day and night we trained, and day and night it rained. At 9 o'clock we would fall into our bunks in huts which held from a half a whole platoon from thirty to sixty men—and drop into exhausted sleep, only to turn out at 5 a. m. to give a sudden and exact imitation of what we would do to the Germans if they sneaked up on us before breakfast in six inches of mud. Toward the last, when we thought we had been driven to the limit, they told us that we were to have a period of real, intensive training to harden us for actual fighting. They sent us four Imperial drill sergeants from the British grenadier guards, the senior foot regiment of the British army and the one with which we were affiliated.

It would be quite unavailing for me to attempt to describe these drill sergeants. The British drill sergeant is an institution which can be understood only through personal and close contact and is about as cordial as loose electricity. If he thinks a major general is wrong he'll tell him so on the spot in the most emphatic way, but without ever violating a single sacred tradition of the service. The sergeants who took us in charge to put on the real polish to our training had all seen from twenty to twenty-five years of service. They had all been through the battles of Mons and the Marne, and they had all been wounded. They were perfect examples of a type. One of them ordered all of our commissioned officers, from the colonel down, to turn out for rifle drill one day and put them through the manual of arms while the soldiers of the battalion stood around looking on.

"Gentlemen," said he very politely in the midst of the drill, "when I see you handle your rifles I feel like falling on my knees and thanking God that we've got a navy."

A Call For Volunteers.

On June 2, after the third battle of Ypres, while McFarland and I were sitting wearily on our bunks during

McLAUGHLIN GARAGE LOMOND

C. R. ADAMS

Full line of Famous McLaughlin
Cars on hand.

Two Second-Hand Fords in Good Condition for Sale. Also a Chevrolet 1917 model

Expert Repairing Done on all
Makes of Cars.

A Bird in the Hand---

You perhaps are perfectly familiar with the remainder of the old adage. This was thoroughly applicable to birds; but when you come to talk of dollars and cents there is another side to the story.

Take the history of all our large business organizations and you will find that their success is founded on the suspicion that there were "birds in the bush." Some people call it "insight," some "good business"—but the principle involved shows that there was considerable legitimate speculation.

FARMERS

Take this lesson and apply it to your own business organization in Lomond. Many a "bird" has already been delivered from the "bush" to you even at this short date. Always keep in mind the "bush" and what may be hidden therein. Your co-operative business depends upon your co-operation for success, and success can only be measured by the extent of your support.

ASSOCIATED FARMERS, Limited.

Canadian Pacific Railway GO EAST

Excursion tickets to EASTERN CANADA. Also principal Cities in the UNITED STATES. On sale daily during the month of December. Final Return Limit Three Months from date of issue.

Vancouver, Victoria or New Westminster

Tickets on Sale December 2nd to 8th; January 6th to 12th; February 3rd to 9th. Final Return Limit, April 30th.

TRAVEL BY

"The World's Greatest Highway."

Two Trans-Continental Trains—Daily.

Tickets and full information from any C. P. R. Agent.

R. DAWSON, District Passenger Agent, Calgary, Alta.

a strange hour in the afternoon when nobody had thought of anything for us to do, a soldier came in with a message from headquarters which put a sudden stop to the discussion we were having about the possibility of getting leave to go up to London. The message was that the First, Second and Third divisions of the Canadians had lost 40 per cent of their men in the third fight at Ypres and that 300 volunteers were wanted from each of our battalions to fill up the gaps.

"Forty per cent," said McFarland, getting up quickly. "My God, think of it! Well, I'm off to tell 'em I'll go."

I told him I was with him, and we started for headquarters, expecting to be received with applause and pointed out as heroic examples. We couldn't even get up to give in our names. The whole battalion had gone up ahead of us. They heard about it first. That was the spirit of the Canadians. It was about this time that a story went round concerning an English colonel who had been called upon to furnish volunteers from his outfit to replace casualties. He backed his regiment up against a barrack wall and said:

"Now, all who don't want to volunteer step three paces to the rear."

In our battalion sergeants and even officers offered to go as privates. McFarland and I were not accepted; our volunteers went at once, and we were re-enforced up to strength by drafts from the Fifth Canadian division, which was then forming in England.

In July, when we were being kept on the rifle ranges most of the time, all leave was stopped, and we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to go overseas. In the latter part of the month we started. We sailed from Southampton to Havre on a big transport, escorted all the way by destroyers. As we landed we got our first sight of the harvest of war. A big hospital on the quay was filled with wounded men. We had twenty-four hours in what they called a "rest camp." We slept on cobblestones in shacks which were so utterly comfortable that it would be an insult to a Kentucky thoroughbred to call them stables. Then we were on the way to the Belgian town of Poperinghe, which is 150 miles from Havre and was at that time the rail head of the Ypres salient. We made the trip in box cars which were marked in French, "Eight horses or forty men," and we had to draw straws to decide who should lie down.

In the Front Trenches.

We got into Poperinghe at 7 a. m., and the scouts had led us into the front trenches at 2 the next morning. Our position was to the left of St. Eloi and was known as "the island," because it had no support on either flank. On the left were the Yser canal and the bluff which forms its bank. On the right were 300 yards of battered down trenches, which had been rebuilt twice and blown in again each time by the German guns. For some reason, which I never quite understood, the Germans were able to drop what seemed a tolerably large proportion of the output of the Krupp works on this particular spot whenever they wanted to. Our high command had concluded that it was untenable, and so we, on one side of it, and the British, on the other, had to just keep it scouted and protect our separate flanks. Another name they had for that position was the "bird cage." That was because the first fellows who moved into it made themselves nice and comfy and put up wire nettings to prevent any one from tossing bombs in on them. Thus, when the Germans stirred up the spot with an accurate shower of "whifz bangs" and "coal boxes," the same being thirteen pounders and six inch shells, that wire netting presented a spectacle of utter inadequacy which hasn't been equalled in this war.

They called the position which we were assigned to defend "the grave-

yard of Canada." That was because of the fearful losses of the Canadians here in the second battle of Ypres, from April 21 to June 1, 1915, when the first gas attack in the world's history was launched by the Germans, and, although the French on the left and the British on the right fell back, the Canadians stayed where they were put.

Right here I can mention something which will give you an idea why descriptions of this war don't describe it. During the first gas attack the Canadians, choking to death and falling over each other in a fight against a new and unheard of terror in warfare, found a way—the Lord only knows who first discovered it and how he happened to do it—to stay through a gas cloud and come out alive. It isn't pretty to think of, and it's like many other things in this war which you can't even tell of in print, because the simple description would violate the nice ethics about reading matter for the public eye which have grown up in long years of peace and traditional decency. But this thing which you can't describe meant just the difference between life and death to many of the Canadians that first day of the gas.



As Dawn Broke We Made Out a Big Painted Sign Above the German Front Trench.

Official orders now tell every soldier what he is to do with his handkerchief or a piece of his shirt if he is caught in a gas attack without his mask.

The nearest I can come in print to telling you what the soldier is ordered to do in this emergency is to remind you that ammonia fumes oppose chlorine gas as a neutralizing agent and that certain emanations of the body throw off ammonia fumes.

Now that I've told you how we got from the Knickerbocker bar and other places to a situation which was just 150 yards from the entrenched front of the German army in Belgium I might as well add a couple of details about things which straightway put fear of God in our hearts. At day-break one of our Fourteenth platoon men, standing on the firing step, pushed back his trench helmet and remarked that he thought it was about time for coffee. He didn't get any. A German sharpshooter, firing the first time that day, got him under the rim of his helmet, and his career with the Canadian forces was over at that time. And then, as the dawn broke, we made out a big painted sign raised above the German front trench. It read

We were a new battalion. We had been less than seventy-two hours on the continent of Europe, and the Germans were not supposed to know any-

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thing that was going on behind our lines!

We learned afterward that concealed telephones in the houses of the Belgian burgomasters of the villages of Dinkelsbusch and Renningheist, near our position, gave communication with the German headquarters opposite us. One of the duties of a detail of our men soon after that was to stand these two burgomasters up against a wall and shoot them.

In concluding this first article I want to say frankly that any man who claims he is not afraid when for the first time he goes into that hell of fire

on the western front is a liar, and I'll tell him so to his face. Later we became impervious, but that first day I prayed, and I would have bent down and prayed only my knees shook so.

The five remaining articles in this remarkable series will appear one each week.

Quick to Hear.

Wife—That Mrs. Brown must be an awful gossip. I never can tell her anything but what she's heard it before.
London Answers

USING UP THE HOG

Not Even a Hair of Him Is Wasted
by the Big Packers.

GOOD PROFIT IN THE OFFAL.

It Yields as Great a Financial Return
as Do the Main Food Products of the
Carcase—How the Various Parts of
the Animal Are Utilized.

There is a use for everything that is removed from a hog. After years of experimenting packers have reduced their business to such a system that they realize as much profit from the offal as they do from the main carcass.

The meat of a hog is from 70 to 80 per cent of the live weight. The 20 to 30 per cent that is classed as offal makes the money for the packers. Exclusive of condemnations by government inspectors, about 17 per cent of each carcass is lost at various stages of dressing and by evaporation in processing and curing, so that really only about 60 per cent actually goes into cuts to be retailed to the consumer. The various cuts—hams, bacon, loins, spareribs and pork sides—are the main products.

Among the edible byproducts is pepsin, which is derived from the stomach of the hog. The liver is used for food as it is taken from the body, and it is also made into liver sausage. Brains are prepared in many ways. Tongues find their way into the making of canned and pickled meats. Hearts are used in sausage.

Tails, snouts and ears are rich in gelatin or glue, but most of them are sold for boiling with kraut and other vegetables and are much in favor with lovers of boiled meals. Kidneys enter into the fresh meat trade or when the supply is too large are frozen or canned.

Neutral is a specially prepared lard, largely used abroad, and in this country an important ingredient in the manufacture of oleomargarine. Lard proper is not commonly called a byproduct of the hog; it is one of the primary products. About 15 per cent of the average hog goes into the making of lard. The demand for lard has increased greatly during the past few years. It is now used commonly in cooking in place of butter. Part of the lard is further processed into lard oil and stearine, the former used as a lubricant and for illuminating purposes, the latter entering into the manufacture of lard compounds, chewing gum, soft candies, fancy toilet soaps and other toilet preparations.

Small quantities of blood are used in the making of blood puddings, but most of it is dried and ground into blood meal, a popular ration with poultry raisers as well as a feed for calves that are being fed on skim milk.

Stomachs are used as sausage containers, the lining first being removed and used as a source of pepsin. The "black" or curly intestines of the hog are carefully cleaned, processed and made into chitterlings, an inexpensive food that is fried like oysters, much in favor with colored people.

Seven per cent of the weight of the hog is represented in nonedible byproducts in the raw state, which are afterward manufactured into glue, soap, glycerin, blood meal, tankage, curled hair and fertilizer. In the finished state these products represent about 4½ per cent of the hog's weight, the balance being lost in evaporation.

Grinds from skinned hams and bacon, as well as the back skin of the hog, are saved. Pigskin is used in

analytic glass.

Hair enters into many lines of manufacture. A large part is used in the making of brushes, and the finer the bristle the higher priced brush is produced. It is also curled and used for upholstery.

The waste waters are evaporated to a thick brown wax known as "stick" because of its adhesive properties. It is used in the manufacture of fertilizer, as it has a high nitrogen content.

Bones are used in making phosphates for baking powder and other compounds. They are also ground into poultry feed, and a large tonnage finds its way into the fertilizer trade. Bones are also burned for charcoal for use in the purification of sirups in the manufacture of sugar. Bone ash is used in making crucibles for glassmaking and metal refining.

Tankage is a bone and tissue substance that is taken from the tanks after the different parts are rendered for grease. It is used chiefly in stock and poultry feed.—Joseph M. Carroll in Country Gentleman.

Nicely Put.

"John," whispered his wife, "I'm thoroughly convinced that there is a burglar downstairs."

"Well, my dear," replied her husband sleepily, "I hope you don't expect me to have the courage of your convictions."

The Bunko Game.

"You can't fool all the people all the time."

"You don't need to. If you can fool half of the people some of the time you can make a good living."

Proving It.

An editor said of a certain local politician: "We will not call him an ass. We will print his speech."

Do all the good you can and no harm where you cannot do good.

Emeralds and Beryls.

There is no decline in the vogue of the emerald, using the word not in the generic sense of the trade, but for a beryl of the accepted green emerald hue. Fine specimens always cause a flutter in the auction room, for the very good reason that those are extremely rare. Perfect stones are as costly as fine rubies and, of course, much more so relatively than diamonds.

The Duke of Devonshire owns what is believed to be the largest and nearest faultlessness in existence, and it came from Nuzo, in Colombia, the main source of modern examples. The ancient emeralds of great magnitude we read of were probably not beryls at all, and, indeed, "oriental emerald" is the designation of the green corundum.—London Chronicle.

How to Begin the Day.

Begin the morning by saying to thyself: I shall meet this day with the busybody, the ungrateful, the arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I, who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful and of the bad that it is ugly, cannot be injured by any of them.—Marcus Aurelius.

Doesn't Always Work.

"Take my advice," said the man who has a great deal of litigation. "Do anything rather than go into court."

"I tried that once, and it taught me a lesson."

"How so?"

"I was given a stiff fine for resisting an officer."

The Bible.

The sixty-six books of the Bible were written by about forty men during a period of 1,600 years.



Final Appeal Judge Gives Ruling on Exemption of Farmers

Mr. Justice Duff, the Final Court of Appeal, Declares It Is
Essential that there shall be No Diminution in
Agricultural Production.

(Published by authority of the Director of Public Information, Ottawa)

Hon. Mr. Justice Duff gave judgment on December 6th, in the first test case brought before him, as Central Appeal Judge (the final court of appeal), for the exemption of a farmer. The appeal was made by W. H. Rowntree in respect of his son, W. J. Rowntree, from the decision of Local Tribunal, Ontario, No. 421, which refused a claim for exemption. The son was stated to be an experienced farm hand, who had been working on the farm continuously for the past seven years, and ever since leaving school. He lives and works with his father, who owns a farm of 150 acres near Weston, Ontario. With the exception of a younger brother, he is the only male help of the father on the farm. The father is a man of advanced years.

In granting the man exemption "until he ceases to be employed in agricultural labor," Mr. Justice Duff said:

"The Military Service Act does not deal with the subject of the exemption of persons engaged in the agricultural industry; and the question which it is my duty to decide is whether the applicant being and having been, as above mentioned, habitually and effectively engaged in agriculture and in labor essential to the carrying on of agricultural production, ought to be exempted under the provisions of the Military Service Act.

"These two propositions are indisputable:

"(1) In order that the military power of the allies may be adequately sustained, it is essential that in this country and under the present conditions, there should be no diminution in agricultural production.

"(2) The supply of competent labor available for the purpose of agricultural production is not abundant, but actually is deficient.

"The proper conclusion appears to be that the applicant, a competent person, who has been habitually and effectively engaged in labor essential to such production, ought not to be withdrawn from it.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to say that such exemptions are not granted as concessions on account of personal hardship, still less as a favor to a class. The sole ground of them is that the national interest is the better served by keeping these men at home. The supreme necessity (upon the existence of which, as its preamble shows, this policy of the Military Service Act is founded) that leads the State to take men by compulsion and put them in the fighting line requires that men shall be kept at home who are engaged in work essential to enable the State to maintain the full efficiency of the combatant forces, and whose places cannot be taken by others not within the class called out."

Ottawa, Dec. 8, 1917.

SELLING AS AN ART.

The Road to Success, and the Reason Some Salesmen Fail.

In a story about a wonderful salesman a writer says in the American Magazine:

"Asked for his views on salesmanship and to give suggestions that would be helpful to others, he said: 'Any person can sell to any man who wants to buy, but it takes a salesman to sell to the man who doesn't want to buy. It took me five months in one case to work my way into the confidence of a wealthy man who hated life insurance agents, and we had been acquainted a month before he discovered that I was selling insurance. He later had me write him up for a \$10,000 policy.

"A salesman should know his goods forward and backward, know human nature like he knows the alphabet and not lie. Self confidence, which is indispensable to success, results from exact knowledge of what you are offering to sell and knowledge of your prospect.

"Salesmen sometimes fail because they have a set way of dealing with all kinds of people. That will never do. They should learn to adapt themselves to all sorts and conditions of men and women. Use an easy conversational tone. Be natural. Don't get excited or talk loud. Make strong, positive assertions about your goods. You must be absolutely certain that the article you are selling is the very best on earth. Then stop talking before you kill the sale by talking too much."

GRAVEDIGGER BEETLES.

These Queer Insects Have a Remarkable Sense of Smell.

When an animal dies in a garden or in the woods and decomposition begins carrion bugs come from far and near. A dead bird, a mouse or a harmless snake wantonly killed by some wanderer provides a banquet for hundreds of insects. Among these the "gravediggers" are found, embracing forty-three species, twelve of which are found in Europe, the rest in America.

You can identify these beetles, says the Popular Science Monthly, by the two jagged yellowish red or reddish transverse bands upon their black wing covers. Their scientific name, necrophorus, means no more than "buriers of the dead." As undertakers the insects have legs especially adapted for digging.

A gravedigger beetle has a most extraordinary sense of smell. He can detect the peculiar odor of decomposition a long distance away and flies to the dead thing as straight as an arrow. His remarkably keen nose is situated in his clublike feelers.

As a rule several gravediggers are found near a dead body. They crawl under it and scratch the supporting earth away, so that the body soon lies in a hollow. Gradually the body is lowered until it sinks below the surface. Then it is covered with earth. The female lays her eggs around the interred form, thus insuring for the newly hatched larvae a plentiful food supply.

Her Adopted Name.

They were discussing the peculiarities of names, and Blotson suddenly said:

"By the way, Cox, your wife's got a queer name, hasn't she—'Duty'? Where did she get that name Duty?"

"Oh, she adopted it," replied Mr. Cox. "She claims that every married woman's middle name is Duty, because she is either being done or neglected."—London Mail.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

Strayed Colt.

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, three miles north of Lomond, on December 4th, a bay sucking colt, with white hind feet, white under lip and white star on forehead. Suitable reward will be given for information leading to its recovery.

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